

THE
ENGLISH
FORTUNETELLER.

OR
A NEW ALMANACKE
and Prognostication, for the year of our Lord-
lesse God-lesse Meridian, One thousand six
hundred forty to two but we suffer
an Ecclipse.

*Being the second after Busie-Sects-tile,
or Hop-Eare.*

Wherein is set forth the Anatomie of our de-
caying Common-wealth, as it is attributed
to the Signes of the Sordid-Aets.

Also the foule Quarters of this yeere, with the
Reignes of Plots and Conspiracies since
William the Conqueror.

*Likewise the Eclipses, with the predictions
of future dangers.*

Printed for A. R. and C. A. 1643.

ENGLAND

1944-1945

DAVID L. WEBB

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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The common or vulgar Notes.

The Golden Number this year.

IN *Ireland* 6. In *England* 8. in the hundred,
and is either plated in Guild-hall, or close-
prisoner in the Tower.

The Dominicall Letter B. for it hath entred
Cavalier in the school of blood, and is to
be feared, wilbe printed in our voluntary bo-
dies, by which we may know the Soone day
of our finall doom.

The English Account is easily cast up in shop-
books.

The Roman Account themselves Chieftains,
and unhappy, unlesse they cast us in their
moulds.

Rogation is found in *Ireland*, or *Turk*, amongst
the Rebels.

Advent of peace may handmaid these crooked
proceedings, and then is our Ascention Day.

The Termes.

A fire is begun, and is like to continue.

Hilarie is out of date, and left us comfortlesse.

Mickle Masse is like to be,

If not hindered by the *Trinitie*.

A 2 The

The Anatomie of the Body of the Commonwealth.

Seeing our Island lie in a swoon, coming and going, as alternate mirth and sorrow act their parts; I felt its leaden pulse, which as a passing-bell proclaim'd its approaching dissolution: for being in a deep graduall consumption, almost deprived of spirit, the spirit of hope vanisht, through tyrannizing feare, and I, as a bleeding mourner, intended to lay her forth, and intwine her in this winding sheet.

The Head of this city, the epitome of this Kingdome is assaulted with troupe of disempers, and being little beholden to an ache, through overmuch heat of affection takes Physick, and keeps his chamber in Tower-Island: he is irrecoverable now the Signe is past examination.

The learned breasts of the Kingdome have not onely been besieged with prisons, but are extirpated and avoided, as if the Commonwealth were of age to be weaned.

The Kingly heart that disperses the branches of regular institution through the veines of this Kingdome, will not be Londoniz'd till the signe be in articular subscription.

The Aldermen, as bowels, keep a rambling, A-lell to intoxicate the State with wine-iatros of disturbances.

Conspirators

Conspirators, as secret membes, still glance against our welfare; who making their hearts strangers to their tongues, cloath their actions to the weales subversion, who still make head against us, and will do, till the Signe be in detection and execution.

The hopefull twins, the upper and lower House (as legs) are the best props and pillars of our crackt State, so long as the Signe is in *Gemini*.

The Reines are held by the hands of purity, as yet, pray God of piety; and this poor weather-beaten ship of our is fed (spirituallly with the brown bisk of innovation, and wilbe till Religion be ballanc'd in *Liara*.

The feet forlorne trodden downe people beare about them the ensigne of their misfortunes.

While the knees, poore mournfull Protestants, who place on the doores of their lips, *Lord have mercy upon us*, ejaculating and dartling forth Orisons for a second birth of prosperity: and these are governed by the Signe *Militia*.

Thus prostrate lies the Kingdome on the hard bed of over-ruling distractions; not to be extruded and deleted out of the Kalender of hopes, would wee not seek our help at second hand: and being piniond to a diverse opinion, bee rest berwixt two Physitians, *Ireland* is died

died in *Scarlet*, *England* lacks but a grain of it; our sense of hearing is taken up with skirmishes, fights, conspiracies, divisions, overthrowes, trecheries, rebellions, each hoire is an herald of misery; all this yeer but *March*, no language but war. Our land is so fruitfull of such monsters, who are ready to destroy, *Nere* like, their mother: it can not but cast us in a swoob of grief, when the adverse party flounder still in their obstinacy; not that they doe or will suffer, but that they suffer by our own people, who are overcome in overcoming, and in winning lose lives.

The Quarters of this yeer.

This present yeer consists of many quarters: the splendent eye of the world is not a quarter high; but there is a new-boen quarter below; nor is the cock, that trumpeter of the day, sooner heard, then a wide-throated newes-monger vomiting forth disasters. A cold winter-quarter we have in *Ireland*; a hot summer-quarter we have in *England*; our Spring in *Hull*; and Autumnall is automated to be in *York*. As also amongst us a kingly quarter, Babylonian, pure, Nycodemian quarters: Spherical, book, table, cap, surplesse, and surplus quarters; *Mars* in *Venus's*, and we in *Mars's* quarters; we are all quarter-masters: yet the best as I see cannot master the least quarter. Hope bids me almost welcome a full Moone: and though the Church

Church is through these Quarters blond-shot,
yet by some Southerly and Favonian winds
they may be over-blown.

Conspiracies have changed colour sundry
times since Grace became the Parliaments te-
nant; not onely Papists the Arch-enemies, but
a Malignant Party have stirred up their pre-
gnant wits to work overthrowes.

Since the rebellion in *Ireland*, 1641.

Since the conspiracy of the Cavaliers to take
Hull, 1642.

Since the plot laid for *Warwick* Castles sur-
prizing, 1642.

Many and sundry have been the plots of our
adversaries, which being hid, are better con-
ceived then recited.

There will happen a great Eclipse of our
Moon-fac'd changing Common-wealth, visible
in our Horizons by the interposition of ill
Counsellours, who strive to obfuscate the lights
of reason and Kingdome. The whole time of
duration is till these be annuall.

Turkish fourteen Castles may be com-
manded by the King, to whom as a neighbour
now they will cleave. *Warwick* stoups to So-
veraignty, and stands braving the opposers.
Poussmouth veiles bonnet, and truly acknow-
ledgeth a King for their Protector. *Banburie*
playes upon the same string, and placeth the
Kings welfare in their best apprehensions. *Bri-*
ston

Pen and Parchment sing a part to the same tune. The eight Castles of *Kent* for misconceived wrong in the deposing of Sir *Edward Dering* by the *Parliament*, will make up the consort. *New-castle* learns the same lesson, and begins to triumph in the Kings service. And many more who shadow yet their intents with glozing semblances, will embrace death in his *Majesties* designs.

Thus have I played the *Planetation*; and mounting up to the garret of the upper region, I find those Planets in the upper and lower House may kisse in conjunction by the swift revolution of a small time, by whose vertuous influence the Olive-branch of peace may be extended, when prodigious Stars are meteoriz'd. It is not good bleeding this year, it will prove disastrous to many. The ill humours of this poltrike body must be purged. I dare tell the Commonwealth its fortune; we shall bring *December* on the *May* of our Estate, and dangers, cradled yet in minority, will not be rockt asleep without sudden predention.

FINIS

